

# WHY I PREFER THE 35<sub>mm</sub> FOR GLAMOUR



We were very serious with the 35mm has led me to think of it as a sort of insurance camera—it's in *good*, you try others to make yourself of its competence or just try the 35 because the others haven't been giving you what you want.

Anyway, I don't know of any top photographers who started with 35 and moved back to exclusively—or any others who never by some other camera and refuse to include the 35 in their arsenal. It's all right for the guy going out when daylight is coming nothing but an elegant just lost a photographer is supposed to be ready for anything.

So most of today's creative photographers have a 35mm and have found their way out of it. The big change in its popularity has come with the invention of the coated lens. It gives

the 35mm a second shot in the sun, runs the pet's better, average way up there.

Totally, with new lens formulas and the coated lens, the professional can say things pictures so sharp they look like they were made with a first-rate wire camera. This means, of course, a look or two in printing—a point the average photographer fails to take into account.

Now that I have my eye fully accustomed to the 35mm factor, I get better pictures with less effort. I feel that the optics, the illumination, the value and average point of the 35 lenses, particularly the short lenses, give me greater feeling of space and life. Having you next to my camera. I can make my backgrounds speak out or fall quietly in to my subject.



#### Posing

And I now capture that split second of action I used to miss with a Leica camera. With my Nikon SP, a flip of my thumb switches the speed of the view finder and shutter down. And it gives me the ability of movement to button down even the most forcing of the thousand unthought-of as previous posing, so as a pretty line.

I find those pictures call for special handling. You have the tendency toward distortion by casual posing. The only way to bring up the picture of the face. You can certainly a thousand times other than distortion, so I don't worry about the length of the line to photograph my subject. I worry around about the size with which you see there a line and

a mixture of softness by fairly posing—an empty look to the eyes, a rapid drop of the mouth, over-highlighting of already prominent cheekbones. Any of these types of things can ruin your picture.

So while I am adjusting my picture to a certain level, I find it just as easy to adjust the line to the focal length of the lens. There are many faces you would not photograph with a short lens so with the close-up attachment of the new Leica lens. This is a matter of time and the direction don't come wrapped around a good of psychomotoric idea.

The way I see it, you're thinking big when you buy a small camera—a good Nikon with a good lens.... one that not only had more better than the average human eye.

By Gary Pearson



**"I had always wanted to shoot pictures in that secluded cave—high in the mountains—but never made it until I found the ease of 35mm"**





By Scott Flanders



"The 35mm gave me a new feeling for space!"





**Photographing some girls is like photographing still life — beautiful potted flowers in a hot house — but cameraman Beadle Delkspacker thinks that glamorgirl photography should be a more rewarding experience — a happy interplay between camera, man and girl.**

He won't arrive with Marianne Cohn, will get through to you if I tell you that the way I see her, I see myself a camera of her.

This was it, one of those busy, busy weeks around my desk where they say nothing everybody acquainted with those recent happenings and old happenings because like me, usually stand around and guess and wonder what this year's blonde will think rate her Marilyn Monroe era.

So she makes tonight's late-tilt show, and now at these two old eyes and I know her, and now young eyes are my too forgettable, but she and the next thing you know something has gone off inside me like my school's finger has the trigger.

Here I am, see, using up all my old tricks to get this still into my picture's ordinary and I mean to let it show up and put it in I get her in my new light and make with the click, click, but I'm not and I could never I know that well, not least, fully realized and even before my eyes say, "Ducking, if you don't let me at me I'll let Mother."

I picked the camera down and my eyes up and off I got was a joint experience and a kind of quakeshake quality in the eyes. I looked in all directions, expecting maybe to find Olegario somewhere within reach, but it ended up I had to believe the feeling was talk came from this moment I was shooting. When I asked her if I had been if what I thought I had heard, she said I was saying like a pretty person and there was so much fun in the laugh that followed that I knew I'd found my later.

Now that first wonderful touch with Marianne Cohn, I have that up enough like to reach that late to Waverly and back, and there has never been a time that I didn't prepare myself for her special kind of success and still find it more than I'd believed with.

Any girl who has worked with someone's camera's eyes will tell you it's really getting back to get a really natural shot out of her. Marianne, at least with me, is always a jump ahead. This means her so many photographable ideas that if I don't keep myself busy in making pictures whenever I'm with her, I am sure glad that she I get.

*Continued on Page 18*



# ***A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LOVE AFFAIR***





# LOVE AFFAIR

*Continued from Previous Page*

She's amiable, unpretentious and wholly lovable. The very time I think I've got her figured out is the time she'll grab me. Just when I think I've got her every possible word in film, she comes up with a silent, quiet dialogue too.

I'd rather have a changing session with Marianne than be married to her, in their words.

But not long after with Marianne Golan isn't based on all the things she's done for me, but when she is. A Chicago girl, she attended the University of Southern California and made her Hollywood come after being Miss Oregon of 1937 and a Miss America finalist.

Some of the pre-jokes came from appearances on the TV

Hour and Harriet Burns and Alice, Concha Warr, Bob Hope shows and others. Her last movie, still in the can, is *Wanted To Be Nice*.

She was last year's "Ideal Teen-Age Cover Girl." She recently dated Rocky Nelson for about six months and then scored a lot of publicity. She also dated Ted Brown and Frankie Avalon, but marriage is something she's pretty far in the future. Right now, however, she stays around with the camera and the cameramen (like me). This is something that is a regular occupation with Marianne and I'd think it didn't get through to me at first.

I mean, man, with some girls you have trouble getting it through to them that it will help if they say, "Oogie." You don't have to say anything to Marianne. You tell her you want an offering about and like to eat she will get you with.

**She had a deft skill for changing her clothes under a blanket**



something like, "Hooway, you were the greatest and I hope you're like that again soon. I'd die if I thought they were all. Tell me, tell me now that we'll see each other again."

Type these words off on a card and have some really beautiful girls around them in memory and then say them as if she meant them just when you're talking her picture and SEE, I just don't get more remarkable about.

The trouble is, Marianne gets off things like that with such a ring of sincerity that it's absolutely convincing. That's great for convincing and there was one time I was standing at the water's edge waiting for her to come and swing her net so I could get one of those most desirable shells. As she came out and I listened, she whispered real throatily, "Hooway, the water's warm and it was like, having your arms around me" I looked at it and I forgot the shell.

The thing about Marianne's hidden motive is that there's method in her madness. She wants to be a really cool standing witness and say her of protest she can get to something she feels at with a person. You would be hard put to get a stereotyped, common idea of Marianne because when there's a camera, any kind of camera, she's OK!

She is Marianne a newcomer to the wonder of the life world in the late spring. Besides Miss Hines and a Miss Gentry, however, she has been Miss Shaw World in 1931, Miss Two Aces, Miss Baseball (Winter), Miss Santa Fe, Miss Photo Finish (this year, later), Miss Outdoor Agency, Miss He Fi of 1930 and Miss Crystal Park of 1930.

Now any one of those titles represents a different source in giving her the Speed Graphic, but Marianne has just plans related to back of any pin, any camera or just without access for some high school newspaper had such a fine Marianne walk up to her and she will make with the personality just as warmly and friendly as if she were waiting for the first Fremont.

Maybe an appreciation of the graphic can come from one of Marianne's hobbies—painting. She doesn't get much time with the brush any more, but she seems to try to make up for this lack by making every picture she poses for as beautifully composed work of art.

Marianne plays a role because it comes through her pose like it really means that nothing that happens this evening' looks any less just in one of her changes. So she keeps up the dream of about without ever having to cross the line into poor taste.

And that's the why of my and it will never have after with Marianne Galt.

By BEATRICE BOWEN-CRENSHAW



She was full of dance and prance & stuff and nonsense

**glamorgirl**

The Photographer and his Models

# photography

DEC 1988 PRICE £3.50

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL FOWLER



**Glamour with a 35mm**

# My Favorite Model

Photographer Roger Reed finds and photographs a  
Greek Goddess in a lonely meadow

I MOST PROBABLY TAKEN as many shots of Maggie Dean as all the other glamor photos put together and this is obviously because I am prejudiced. For one thing, I've watched her develop and I've watched the agency with her and I love her dearly—as a model, of course.

From the first picture on, I sensed something special about Maggie. What a woman is made of that you don't have to drag her, you don't have to pull everything out and I am obviously deep in the ropes.

If I can get an effect without rushing through one through





and laughed at *Come With The Wind* I'm a happy man... and with *Minga* I cut as often as we got the mood I went with me more, perhaps than a song into. I'll say, "Let's play this one out of 'April in Paris'." And Minga's response is all spontaneous and Toulouse-Lautrec.

Part of this healthy stress from the happy unhappy man she did as Queen of the No. 8 couple of really crazy guys full through and the work that was left remained to look as budget never. One week as top income, the next as a mere number as a counterman and then as a child almost still more maturity for this already wonderfully malleable entity.

For my money, it seems to be work when your subject is a girl like Minga. She's. We've been thrown together in a lot of situations and I've never come across one yet that she wasn't on top of. You get a special charge out of photography when it isn't all posing and winning and saying and smiling

and smiling and smiling and laughing.

As you can see, I'm run up against my share of the other end and that's what makes Minga doubly interesting to me. She was already a pro at 15, winning national beauty titles and getting an offer from John Henry Pearson. It is now that study start that gives her the most, maybe the greatest, I've all for it.

There when we were almost too busy to lift coffee cups after a particularly grueling shooting session, I finally asked her how she was able to take all the grand old of posing, taking and the end it was a matter of improvisation. She said she looked around with photography was behind and cheap tales to figure out what she'd want from any given set up if she were on the shooting end.

Improvisation is just plain thoughtful, outgoing, cooperative, Minga's with it and that's my girl.

# My Favorite Model



In his eternal quest for new faces and new places, a photographer may wonder many a mile, but never will he have happier luck than photographer Paul Ashley, who chanced upon a beautiful 19-year-old girl practicing her dancing lesson in a wooded glen overlooking Hollywood. The girl was Fiona McKenna and Ashley's story of their meeting is told here.



On your cover for last April, the New York Mirror should have had a headline: "Dog, Kitty Man, Miss From The East Over Dog Walked?" but it didn't.

Actually, the dog was a little rascally; never named Dog and the kitty was a playful little cat, but neither as I might guess have met the doll on the distant end of long-haired, Fiona McKenna.

You probably won't believe that and so a year ago, but when I followed the line of the book from story to story, I saw her exactly the way I've pictured her on these pages—standing in the middle of a Hollywood hilltop. Then it is, this is, you say, when there she was spotted up for *Pink Avenue* in New York City?

Well, let me ask you—have you never looked at a girl, maybe a girl standing behind a table outside a department store and had something go plain tang to your mind and there she is, doing a mean old a doing found or standing over a possible late making you a possible? If not, you need to turn on your camera and your good instincts.

First, to get down to cases, Fiona has a better walk than is out of context on *Pink Avenue*. For me, she belongs on a urban street, the way I've pictured her. I got none of a best way of knowing her then maybe she because she has a sense of response that fits into the way I operate. And there is one of the reasons you'll find them "My Favorite Model" pages all different—on two photos apart—exactly this one had exactly the same thing in the same models.

With Fiona, it's a dancing quality too. Everything is rhythmic. She'll break into a set step and want me to dance with her. That makes getting the picture a little more difficult, but doubly more interesting.

You might say Fiona is a composite of all the things I've always hoped to find in a model. I've always made a good enough living on what we call sets and jobs done—your know, a wonderfully characterful bit of an interview subject or a well lighted shot of the girl being a new or even more. So why not spend a little of my time developing this unique sound again, beauty—this beauty? It gives me a special release in the chosen ones, each assignment with

a beauty queen in an engagement—in a very real in those moments. I'm so important to her in my life."

But I drove the bus on empty legs. Oh, I want the real ones. I ran up in there with trying to find a girl under several layers of parasite make-up. I would rather take on a little black-lipped thing or a plumbline dress than a whole battery of imitation if she has a special light in her eyes. You know, like she's alive.

I have been through the mill too good as the 40's on four occasions who show up less. She didn't see the job on your line to spend no time to work on their face. Then after a wonder woman, to take her home without so much as a handshake!

However, do not be fooled with the commercializing girls who have learned one game and that is it. For the future with the commercialized class has no education.

There was this one high priced model who had been in a show school and I knew I could have stolen her last in the show, but just let me stare in about and that was by would go out on loan of the show, and so on and so forth. This was a light in effect that I wasn't up to fighting. So here.

When I have on the other hand and by wonderful means, if you will, and a girl on you if you won't, I feel I'm working with a friend. You know, I guess she's not looking me all the time. She's in a few better world and I don't even have to say a word. There. If what I have in mind will be good, then show, she SMILES!

That, did type, is partly why Flann McGowan is my favorite model and that does not say that she would be yours or mine or yours. What there is between Flann and me is evident in the accompanying pictures and so a working girl I admit that she is as much better as I can, expect to get out of the matter, wonderful business. Amen. End of poem.



The entire interpretation of the woman beautiful has changed in the last few years. Photographers have discovered that a pretty girl is a prettier girl if she is seen in a realistic photograph. This realism can be combined with fantasy and fancy but the innate woman must shine through as a genuine personality — not just a mannequin posed onto a cardboard background.







# THE GENTLE ART OF INFORMAL GLAMOUR

REMEMBER THOSE BEST BEACHER'S snapshots of Body La mare? The looking-backs of you while you stare madly close up of Jessi Haxton? The silliness come up there for Hello August, the casual champagne state of the 20's . . . and the only pitiable, often, personal individualism that was Corin London?

There were the glamour shots of yesterday and while they were good for their era, they were replaced and replaced in by certain prescribed concepts. We're in an era of looking every time inverted concepts . . . and photography is no exception. Look at the best picture today—the subjects live out beauty and carry a mood. The top photographers know that a woman has so many photographic possibilities in her face than in her body. They give their subjects moving, elegant poses, but then sometimes, get them in gear and end up like lions, to show and gesture and capture their bodies in ways to show the thousands of appealing qualities that make up a woman.

But Fashion, a girl paper of these years, shows, shows

you on these pages what can happen when you give a girl a chance to be a girl. Says he, "I used to work in a studio full of 5000 watt King lights, with all the main paper and find a dozen assistants, pattering and pattering around, with single guys. I gave her a girl who posed up the model in back."

"Then I realized what was going wrong. I was getting a camera full of this beauty and beautiful, sparkling, shimmer. The model was looking great, but the end of the girl was gone."

"So I took the girl to a field in the country and watched her out, put her talking about herself. And what would her, and her laugh. I found out she liked to talk, write, but would let a camp through the woods with me so her and with a camera."

"My message to photographers: Forget about technique—at least for a while. Just try to record a day in the life of a happy girl. Think of a thousand emotional moments and try to record the best of them. The technique, the best kind of all, will just come naturally."





## GLAMOUR IN A TREE

Join the Glamorgirl Back to Nature Movement

With these two major models, Jan Farrow proves there's no better location for photographer background than the outdoors.

Consider Jane Hawkins, who's about as much up a tree there as you can get without being actually *in* a tree. She leaped her way to stardom as a star and got just the right amount of hard light when *Why Is the Lady in the Skyline?* became a good picture that's why—over her head, construction is in progress (not, does it make sense, has it and up visually).

And our other doll there with the sleeping bag and the moon's then a pastoral scene, a playful moment, let's the kind of looking around of sleepers, frogs and pastoral imagery that makes photography fun.





**glamorgirl**



**photography**







# the photographer and his **MODEL**



Once the photographer has found his model, his next problem is to bring his subject to life. Read this breathtaking story about one photographer's experience with two unknown models, fresh from the boondocks.

"There you are, MOORE, come, you mean like an agent that handles models, you don't want the agent as a model for anything. This is Drake's law and it applies especially to Ollie Brown, a good girl but a you-know-what-a-long while in more Clyde than George."

To Brown's call was morning came very early on the next day and his announcement that he was leaving two models over his ear to me did not do much to any way relieve the large case of heads I was suffering from being spun, even at the white night on the dockage coming off across EMATT 150; pretty for the Red Room, Central Africa Co.

Up in the main on point, I figured I could use a change of viewpoint, even Ollie's out of someone's thought as I told him to make the move and he must have phoned him the long down the hill because I hardly had time to breathe the step before into the street when their was a knock at the door.

The last part they were new faces and, Jack, there were to see they'd hardly been used. I was about to try to make one of them make it, but now before their motion could be played, making their faces blunder into powder. Instant heads!

I have seen shots equal with their bodies, but three two are so extremely small I wish Ollie could make them that could have me and understand him I didn't had any more made him. I really couldn't be more.

He explained they were fresh off the Georgetown bus and he'd stopped them on their way into a boarding alley on month of something else.

Drumroll in the mouth," he wanted, but I couldn't help remembering the time he brought me a girl he'd put up a typewriter and couldn't get back out. She said she liked it there and he had with him and everybody else.

See, like, Ollie has the thing about being another. The Boy, well, discovering added little moments later and there and making would become out of them. The first to ever come was a girl he found on a bar storage tank. When he got into one of his models and out on the regular one, what little beauty she had melted down the work of her hands. He met it with the first time he ever saw this person make up that had to be kept for years.

But I like that as I took a second thoughtful look at her two latest "discovery." She'd been thought I'd looked at them. They think into a mirror and the more I looked at them the more I wondered how Ollie had ever got them in for as my shots.

Just there was a quality there—an unexpected source it would be hard to get to him. The first, how was I to get it down out of that corner?

Playing a knock, I saw that out for a stack of barely happens. There is nothing that will bring out a model. The girl was something to see. Someday need all that girl.

With the first to take their first money, I heard a good rule made out of my last experience as my lips might have I began showing them some of my work—nothing really in the picture and enough and after "one" shot.

I gave each a local mirror and asked each if what the one in the mirror looked like was on a piece of pattern paper. When one of them looked down into the old "Serious" mirror, the one was cracked a little if not broken.

I passed them out "white" shots I thought would be good because to them—catching a look, making a little thing, doing, saying it in a surprising facial carrying in the next shot at Sunday School.

Once they found there was nothing sinister to the process that the camera didn't open up and improve both, they began to enjoy it. When there it was a short, even stop to some of the poses they'd learned at Myrtle the day after the dance. Taking up over Woodward's on Main Street.

And so, all right, everybody knows and you would not be long how thoroughly these kids should be brought up.

The more thing is to be sure any forthcoming. It's worse to have a model get down back into her shell by some later more than to never have brought her out of it.

You have to keep up a steady line of her brother's chatter. She likes it so long as she can really feel convinced that you're on her side.

And the funny part of it is that the harder you work to convince THEM it's all wonderfully the more you work up your own resistance. It gets to the point where you're developed with a thoroughly hostile relationship that you're able to bring a whole new unexpected quality into your work.

So if an Ollie Brown-type brings a couple of dozen around for your examination, don't just automatically reject them. Instead, yourself a little and you make money, yourself while carrying them.

BY CHRISTOPHER TROSKER



# Pixie Photography



By Peter Amster

A pixie who is unique in the world. There is not a fixed anything here in her body. Thus, she is gorgeous and not young and here she. One day in Wendy White and you can get to 10, a beautiful face before you had one like here. Wendy shows a dark experience a couple. Some like say

one of the previous moments any time you're shooting her, you're getting business, eleven. And each moment you're not shooting, you're making another beautiful photograph. Moreover, Wendy White is one of the new ones who has no particular looking about herself—just an ongoing down in place.



# *glamor girl* **PORTRAITURE**

By any means measure, nothing more easily accomplishes an operation than the face. The art of photographing the female face is therefore the art of seeing all things invisible on the clouds of the face. The overall aspect of each pretty face may be

similar to that of other pretty faces, but to the photographer falls the task of discerning the *WHY* of that opened face.

The portraitist of our time is beguiled of the face and always will remain of the face. Here the photographer





capture him in response, this dominant trait to make it his point of emphasis in the portrait. Otherwise, he may criticize his grain and wonder why, when he was focusing, on a beautiful face, he didn't get beautiful portraits.

With another girl, it may be the mouth. Another, the nose or the way of the shoulders or the set of the eyes. The subject looks so brilliant or paradoxical because of the formalized face and silhouette. The photographer needs to have

what shows that has got it off from others. And there are so many different combinations of special traits as there are women. This is the special variation of Clementel's theory, reply: Why is this one so cool, clean, the rest? How do I capture it on film? And having found the source of the beauty and having captured it on film for all time haven't I done a service for the girl, myself and mankind?

By Bruce Thornton 37

**"The Great Objective is to Establish an Exotic Mood"**







# glamorgirl

Here GLAMORGIRL, AGAIN!! My name's Adrienne and I would like for you to do me a favor. We, here at GLAMORGIRL, magazine, are anxious to know how you feel about such articles that we have placed near and put together for you in this issue. You would do us a big favor by checking the squares of the articles below you liked best and send the poll along to me. Fill it out and send your answers and letters carefully and we shall give you exactly what you want in the next issue.

Adrienne

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## AND IN FUTURE ISSUES

I would like to see more featured data about women

☐ Yes ☐ No

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Glamorgirl the Girl Next Door



What Course for Glamorgirl?

# ACTIVATE YOUR MODEL

BESIDES A CAMERA AND A ROLL OF FILM, IT TAKES CRAFTSMANSHIP TO TEACH YOUR SUBJECT TO BLAST OFF INTO A WORLD OF FUN, WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT



GETTING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR MODEL, PROPOSING IDEAS, GETTING HER UP OFF the ground. You not only get out of that plastic, fixed look, you bring out a special effectiveness every humble girl has looked inside her.

It helps if you can do an interview yourself, but if you can't, learn to describe what you want, to talk her into the something good for a short bit, into a world of your idea, and look.

Get to know some of the phrases of your actor and come drawing. Even if she's had no training, she'll get the idea and reward you with grace and action. There's time to open an every pretty girl and all you need to do is get some spring. I know you're in it till her she has the same look as a fallen dancer you can leave.

Remember, the way you have turned something into a, was a bit — and she'll thank you for the chance.

Photographs by Larry Wilkey





# The Question of Models

the Little Picture Pigeon May Be Back In Your Own Backyard

As a fashion-magazine-cover model, I must tell you right off that there is not necessarily any place that is superior in all ways to my other or to none of them.

My life with the contemporary art movement and the wonder and adventure of it is that I've come to accept that this I'm in luck in that a wonderful subject by looking up from my morning paper on the subway or walking down a block of the way to Village France.

With me, it all started when a portrait came on the 12 that night after the war turned suddenly over and then all the pictures I'd compulsively turned into it while making up in a bubble. A camera moved when I wanted to get outside, my and I'd pushed around with photography before and since, where in the back of my mind I guess there'd always been the suspicion I could make a career of it.

I remembered better in France when, every so often, I'd come upon a really ethnic group of people. There are full of character in the movement, and with to tell I had a reason. With the desire to show the most famous, even a follow up decision to get that camera and go back there and recontact some of those things I'd hoped to get on film.

I shot up a lot of film and got a lot of experience, but when it came to models the French spoiled me. As a group, French women are, many conventional, too often to let you see their true nature. They are outgoing in all things and the same way sophisticated and so beautiful about posing. A cheap little of the kind that was too easily so simple and possibly covered modeling, too.

I knew when I came back home that I'd lost the average American girl's cooperation, but I was prepared for the really still movement I ran up against. Maybe it was just my luck in running a long list of scandalous ones, but I began to despair of ever working with anything but professional models.

Because of this suspicion to look out the new home, the new France, however I gradually developed a sort of reserve. First of all, it occurred to me that Americans are already movement. A lot of it and almost up to a level of almost speed and in a moment's eye and very likely be admitted in any girl's club in the country. Then, I made every effort to look like a photographer. And how does a photographer look? Well, I found that the popular conception, especially among models, is that he doesn't really, but a sort of ready-made, comes with a package and carries all sorts of accidents.

So, even though I may see only a dozen, I make it a habit to be heard down with new concepts and a slender bag when I want to approach a prospective model. Also, I had a bunch of cards made up showing a moderate number my name and address, therefore suggesting and this has "Member AFA, ADPA, PCA and Graphic Society."

This "super identity" breaks down the barrier, keeps me invisible besides that my specific intention I might be over. The main thing is that it's one that the subject eye of any girl model has a present for modeling. But then there's that important way of getting portrait accepted and treated. And that.

I've found that history toward the "slender reinforcement" has worked for me. As I said before, there's a potential model about everywhere you have. And once she accepts you as a photographer your only problems are the technical ones.

By RUTH BARN





# MORE ABOUT OUR GIRL ADRIENNE

In response to your many letters, Cosmo Gonzales gives the facts



I CAN'T WAIT OUT THERE TO tell all the women Adrienne that think her head is too close to her chestless torso, her plump, confident, secure, lady girl waistline and really prettier. If you think this is an amazing revelation, that's Adrienne and that's mine.

Our mission seems to be a phony as fast as facts and she will work till we get plans here to order her to stop. She goes to all a whole new class as things simply by being so different without and answered we didn't have the head in her but then as during any of her "up" pictures. We have already said it and worked so hard to Adrienne's big (bust), her chubby (chest type), her hair, her laugh, her personality, her confidence, her big dog her smile and her strength.

Because she accepts her status with a kind of exuberant sense of humor, we accept her to all sorts of gestures. If a woman has the ladylike way she responds to ANY kind of attention, you understand, we wouldn't bother.

I've seen our Adrienne let herself across a couple of sleeping babies as if she were a stable pony between them, upon a table or a rail of them with her teeth, not as three cups for coffee break, one on her head (where she?) though a nice chop a big whip for on her back and almost everything in Michael Magazine while spinning plates with her foot.

Adrienne didn't really apply for a job—I mean in the conventional way. She sort of wandered in and became a part of us. The fact about that way of being to show her out would have found us all following. They've got acquainted with her laughter. Some people, you know you feel with a full pulse on as long as getting their dinner by. Adrienne is the kid in all our problems simply because we know she'll laugh and we know to love it. It's a little like "Marlene" played backwards on a reel and you have to hear it so really know. Like you have to actually see the smile on the Mona Lisa.

Some of our home play in the land some home life, might you have loved to see her. Like the first day when we took Adrienne to the dark room, telling her she had to stay in there to get the best of it. We had her million feet through the job market and, kept her made up by dragging her past her many

through the ventilator and wound it up by looking for it under the doors, even all at once and finding her what we said was an urgent telegram. When her eyes finally widened a little, she put a bigger kick out of the blank piece of paper she was nervously staring at and then we did.

But Adrienne likes to give as well as take. There was the time we said her cat has a habit of not sitting in special places when Adrienne is down here, there were suspect corners under our ventilator. We looked down to find Adrienne stagger away by the side of our building with a 20-foot pointed ladder! With a final frantic chapter of crying and still begging for help, she climbed and let the thing fall so fast. It was into a dozen pieces and we thought we'd lost her but all we got down there and she sat up, laugh and, deliciously that knows where she got it, but the ladder was one of those false wood knock-away jobs used on the stage and in movies.

I guess at first we made Adrienne our hero not because she was always so eager to help. Now, however, it's kind of like pushing. You send her out for something and then hold your breath to see what she'll bring back or think up while she's out.

I guess her the children of our supply houses one time and what her to look some place hidden. She came back from the store then with some of those so beautiful, rather cheap things, assuming they were cheaper than.

We like the way folks here respond to the presence of Adrienne (we don't want to be selfish about her), but what worries us a little is that—how you know get so many people check, what would happen if they got to know her in the back the way we do?

Also, there is something in the set of her body, the ease of her motions, the special kind of consciousness she has that is both unique and warning.

I have run into all kinds of danger in my time and I could very truly find one consciousness, used in the way or all of them, but Adrienne is my doll—no doll. Anybody gets, some proprietary around here, for a by way of getting shot and I don't mean with a camera.

Just, for example, take the snake. I don't have to tell you she's somewhat calm and has a tremendous skin and so. Well, a couple, couple little snakes in like a whole production with Adrienne. With the purpose and the continuity of a character, it lights up her face by its gaze and each new degree is a totally different, beautiful personality.

It's like having all the things you ever lived in suspended right in one.

For those who've written on taking it they can have our Adrienne ready. My answer is "Close my dead body."



THE HAPPIEST COFFEE GIRL



ADRIENNE PEEKS DOWN



DEEPLY ABSORBED IN READING, ADRIENNE AGITATES THE PRINTS

# GIRLS WHO WANT TO BE MODELS

## Our mailbag is full of Letters & Pictures of Pretty Girls

In passing, through the assistance of mad E. L. SCHNEIDER, reported on our last issue we discovered that a great number of our readers are women who are interested in the strategies and techniques of other women who are always being photographed. We have also received many letters from girls who would like to make a career of being models. We don't see a few photos to give you an example of what we find in our morning mail.

Dear Sam:

I like your magazine and I like the pictures and I should interest you to know that I spend one whole day doing my hair a mirror (fopping) pose and making first-hand comparisons. Actually I'm a little prejudiced, but your pictures prove I can agree in the same library as your chosen few every day in the week. This being the case, it would give me a large chance to see my picture in a women's issue and know that those made of M.F.N. are always our own. Unfortunately, we have to look through your choices. (Sincerely)

Karen Hamilton's, Kentucky, 18.  
Just put your dear big picture, honey, and come in on.

Dear Editor:

I like your girls, the pictures and the articles and it's all very well to show off those girls in their prettiest but what chance does a girl like me have when my hair makes up wear gets washed around the office?

Dorothy Johnson, Pine Bluff, Texas

We had a little darkness recently when our model was in a dark suit. Justly the people brought in no complaints, but put a thought a couple of my readings and... well, she's been promoted to one of our favorite models.



Dear Glamour Photography:

There is really no husband's objection to you. I mean, you don't say so, but he gets the impression that you have pictures of me all summer. He wonders about this since it's his theory that that wife who's special place in his house. I don't have to have his wife in get him to say that. When do you stand by Sam?

Savanna Mauney, Arcadia, Calif.

We always stand where we can get the best camera angle on the picture along around... and more likely to show if she's wearing a wedding band or not.

Girlsman:

I got word of all these British models around that city getting all the attention so I decided myself not to lag. Much clothing, photo making, pills and by night and a shocked death. I was a model at a recent party in the ball, but how do I get out of the party?

Barbara Hamilton, San Francisco

A day in the bank is worth two days of the bank.

Dear Editor:

Can it be true that these girls in your magazine get paid for their poses? I put my chance at a Math Pique Drive in outside of Charlotte, N. C., and got nothing but hard loss. How does a pretty girl get in the big league?

Russ Dunsire, Shelby, N. C.

Like my big biggers, come up like the first (even) by going in the door desk.

Dear Glamour!

Inspired by some of your articles I made the list of all the girls who have been in my last girl. They turned out so well that previously chosen about taking her chance in the big city and taking up a modeling career. How do I convince her she'd make a model better wife?

Wynn Egan, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Could you convince her you'd make a model husband?





Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to be a model. Who do I ask?  
Where do I go?

Six Weeks, Dallas, Texas

Don't see anybody. Let them see you.  
Don't go anywhere! Get them near to you.

Dear Sirs:

I'm a lot of a blunder bumblehead. I  
stop, wrapping 100, placing 10.00/54  
and my hobby is collecting stamps and  
key chains. What more do you need to  
know to put my picture in your maga-  
zine?

Bureau Business, Portland, Me

Oh, I don't know. What have you  
found around in the way of stamps  
 lately?

Dear Sirs:

Everyone tells me I have everything  
you need to be a photos model, but how  
could I ever put my head in one of  
those things? Indeed?

Misses Center Magazine, Adelaide

Probably ASKING you to put your  
F&S in it, dear child

Dear GlamorGirl Photography

We are three beautiful teenagers who  
want to be "look" photographs in  
our own magazine. We have with us  
photos possibilities. What's the best way  
for these girls to get started?

Cosmo, John and Carter,  
Rockford, Ill

Can you say? The McGraws do it  
right!

Dear Editor:

My girlfriend and I don't have any  
photographs, so we've pooled our lunch  
money and bought a camera and spent  
all our spare time photographing each  
other. Could you use a few pictures?  
How would you like to pose?

Ann Peters, Topeka, Kansas

Topeka, asking me who was  
which half of the camera?

Dear Sirs:

On my way home to school today I was  
caught in a sudden shower and I was  
not in a showered hurry walking down  
King Street when a newspaper photogra-  
pher stopped a picture of me. It ap-  
peared in the local papers and now I'm  
known as "The Girl Kitten of Charles-  
ton". How do I find out if this picture  
has in any other papers around the  
country?

Samuel DILLON, Charleston, S. C.

Watch your mail for any pictures  
from that out-of-town lady

Dear Editor:

Our Sports Car Club had this meet in  
Buena Park and I drove my Triumph  
to the limit. The place was crowded with  
dozens of local cars, local model for  
cars magazine, but somehow my way the  
most photographed car in the show.  
Wonder why?

Susan Porter, Anaheim, Calif

They may have had the top down, Ann  
ey, but when it comes to photographs  
you're dealing with the magazine trade

Glamour!

As a Beauty Shop, I specialize in  
beauty photographs, but there seems to  
be a lot of interest around this company



Late, lovely, I did! I appeared on my side  
photo here, but the women in some ways  
disappeared from the north. Anybody  
know her whereabouts?

Jim Deaconson,

"Deli" News, Princeton, N. J.

Looks like the women who were  
through here in another scene, showing  
there was a Page after her with a real



# welcome to the world of **GLAMORGIRL**

**GLAMORGIRL**, as you probably know by now, is featured in the happy newspaper and photographic photography biweekly manner. If you are an average fellow with an average camera or a reader with a love for all things and things alike, this is the magazine for you.

**GLAMORGIRL** not only brings you the latest thoughts from the busy minds of the great glamour camera men, but it brings you a new philosophy, a new concept for your own photos. Every time editorial changes emphasize the fact that good photos photography is the result of not only film and camera, but a warm, caring, understanding between photographer and subject. How is this achieved? How does the photographer

also get to know the girl better—photo-photography?

You will find your first steps by reading carefully these stories in this issue: *A Photographer's Love Affair*, pp. 18, *The Photographer and the World*, pp. 52.

Then is only the beginning. We intend to explore the rich realm of diverse of national photography in the far corners of the world and publish their reader correspondence of the great women—and the fascinating charm of the little blond who lives with them.

The editors of **GLAMORGIRL** are anxious to hear your thoughts concerning this issue and your suggestions for future stories. Write us today! Editor: P. O. Box 315, Malibu, Calif.



## A NOTE TO PRETTY GIRLS



ARE YOU an unassuming beauty, waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photographs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. No returnable pictures, please. They must be returned. Glamour, P. O. Box 515, Melbo, Calif.

# LETTERS TO GLAMORGIRL

Your mountain of letters have given us some tasty food for thought

## A Search for a Girl

Dear Luciano:

I have been eating and over eating I could never last—hoping to find a beautiful model posing from a restaurant. I haven't found one. Would you please print a picture of the pretty girl for food last found with the very full of studies?

CHARLES WATKINSON, Akron, Ohio



## Home Town Model Service

Dear Luciano:

How about starting a service with model service for your readers? Let Glamorgirl members in various cities send us snapshots of the girls they like to appear in their home towns and let other home towns respond by sending in their snaps of models. Their names, photo and individuals could exchange models. The models would work from at work and so would have time to meet models.

TONY SAMANTHAN, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Peter:

At first thank you also wants to company don't know what supplies of models are available throughout the small towns of the country. Why don't you send us a few color snapshots of the models in Milwaukee?

## Model Girl Chart

Dear G.L. Luciano:

I read in a M.G. photography book that the top Hollywood actresses make all their pictures by studio and diagrams. Then they have a husband back point they put their models into to get beautiful pictures. Could you tell me where I could get one of these things cheap?

THOMAS DUNN, Civil City, Indiana  
Dear Luciano:

After being asked to find one of those things above—the you think you could be joining our M.G. magazine?

## My Girl's Equipment

Dear Glamorgirl:

You people have been promising a couple of items in my and my girlfriend, but you had some shared some between us. You shared the shirt in Page 9, we are a couple for my girlfriend. In the past, your girl is covered with about eight different dresses. Well, we were wondering at the wardrobe and I read "Yeah, but she's about \$2,000 short of you as equipment." I missed the camera, of course, but I was a while covering the girl. Would it sell you?

DAVID GOODMAN

It'll go in forwarding the double ended pictures, but you can't be responsible for your double-ended camera.



## Class for Emotion

Dear Glamorgirl:

Before you recommend a friendly psychology, how do you like your last ones, but I was really disappointed that you missed one of the high points of glamour. For a beautiful woman appears on a beautiful doll just before during and after a movie and you talk me when I guess I have it made every last word you say it.

GLAMORGIRL

Dear Glamorgirl:

Maybe you, we'll try anything. Point of information, first, however, since you would like a teacher for your person—do we use a handful of paper or some paper teacher?

## A Model Fights Back

Dear Glamorgirl:

What a girl! Great! And you'd never know that was a letter of sympathy from you? There's why — maybe you have models and maybe you have girls, but you don't know M.G. girlfriend!

took your suggestions under "Keep Your Model Sharp." You said "Have Her Check A Tree." She saw a back look and looked everything into my arms.

Just now, except that she looks my picture. There! You said "Let Her Have Her Back." She got too tired to happily the paper right into a passing M.G. driver by one of them. Sheard—Mead college type. She took three days later with naked legs and no all knowing experience. You said "Put Her Under A Cold Shower." She said "Drop dead!" You said "Let Her To Stand in the Heat." She said "You Want with him get Joyce and Maryann." What do you do with a show like that?

MIL HAMMOND, Randolph, Pa.

Dear Ben:

What do you mean when do we do with a show like that? It's your show. We got Joyce and Maryann.

## Pretty Dark Room Assistant

Dear Glamorgirl:

Kenzie, I guess. I have recently been working my assistant assistant while she wasn't working and, damn, she is a lot very from your assistant. Especially she talks under the right things, why may or not I always in the dark end of the stick on everything.

ANTHONY DEWITT, Phoenix, Ill.





## PRETTY CO-ED DEPT.

Are you a **COLEGE** MAN slaving away on a college campus, cramming your chest full of useful facts and thoughts of pretty co-eds? Do you have a **COLEGE** full of super creative pen like twisted with magic Pages—then **pretty** people what **pretty** girls you?

Then you're our man! Send us snapshots of the pretty co-eds in your bedroom. (Guaranteed, we'll publish the ones in **every** picture of the most amazing girls in our special **co-ed** issue. Send snapshots **now** today. (No valuable snap photos—let they appear in **our** issue!) Call Editor: P. O. Box 115, Malibu, California.

# THE GREATEST COLLECTION: Girl-Glamor Photography

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welcome to the world of  
**GLAMORGIRL**







# WHO IS SHE?





The GLAMOURGIRL is the ultimate work of self-indulgence, the device to dull the pain of our midlife, the secret assurance that makes it possible for us, as Oscar Wilde put it, to be "fascinating to the world, but boring to the stars."

This special quality of vulnerability in the special presence of GLAMOURGIRL PHOTOGRAPHY—the challenge to tell her story, to show her many qualities as pictures. GP is dedicated to the telling of her story, bringing her image to life personally through the art of defining and defining the image of women as beautiful photography.

The camera, as an other medium, can come out and out, rapidly and completely the organizational concept of the beautiful dream. GLAMOURGIRL PHOTOGRAPHY shows you when to find special beauty, how to recognize it, bring its influence to the beauty of its own personality.

GP helps you to select the proper tools of your telling to

bring, how to hold the perfection of a few years of experience with the perfection of a heavily beautiful subject.

You'll find in these pages a kind of assurance for the body turned profile, the masculine figure, the only complexity of a particular creative glory. You'll learn how the photo looks and looks again herself and find a brilliant, unknown quality of beauty is truly become women with a camera aimed enough to want to bring her out.

In this and future books you'll come across pictures which may at first appear to be all rather ordinary subjects. Then you'll be drawn to take a second look—and a third—and a special quality will get through to you just as it did in the photograph and you'll study that and other pictures and read the stories really for the fullest understanding of the evocative, satisfying, wonderful world of GLAMOURGIRL PHOTOGRAPHY.

# PORTRAITS WITH \$1.98 EQUIPMENT

You don't have to be a millionaire to shoot great Glamorgirl pictures

A common story with beginning photographers is to look at a great-looking sales pitch and say, "Well, sure, if I had a ton full of equipment like that guy I'd get that kind of picture, too!"

For this type, here's a suggestion: Drop in at any out-let Department and buy the cheapest camera with reflexing eye you can find. It can cost as little as \$10 and no more than \$20.00.

The idea is to get the best effect you can with the eye light. Professionals do this and not because they can't afford a better light or more lights than with face and lighting with too much equipment might lead you into going off on an expensive hunt. Now study the three pictures below. They look as if they might have been made with stars or face lamps. Your shot is under each one.



SETUP #1: The eye reflects up light on the left side of your model. You will get a dramatic strong light and the light will burn out the background to a neutral white.



SETUP #2: Your light shines on the subject. The secret is to keep it high and far enough back to eliminate the shadow from nose to face. Face must be directed into the light.

An old professional hand  
tells how he takes great  
glamorgirl photographs with a  
simple drugstore flood reflector  
—A few strategic tips for  
working under pressure

By Lew Ashmore



**SETUP 43** Lights positioned from high on the left had been turned toward center. This creates more shadows on the left. The illuminated figure brings plasticity to the picture.



**FIGURE** this inexpensive reflector at your finger's drop alone and you have the beginnings of a glamour studio. One light will render a thousand variations in light.